

The Mirror

OF

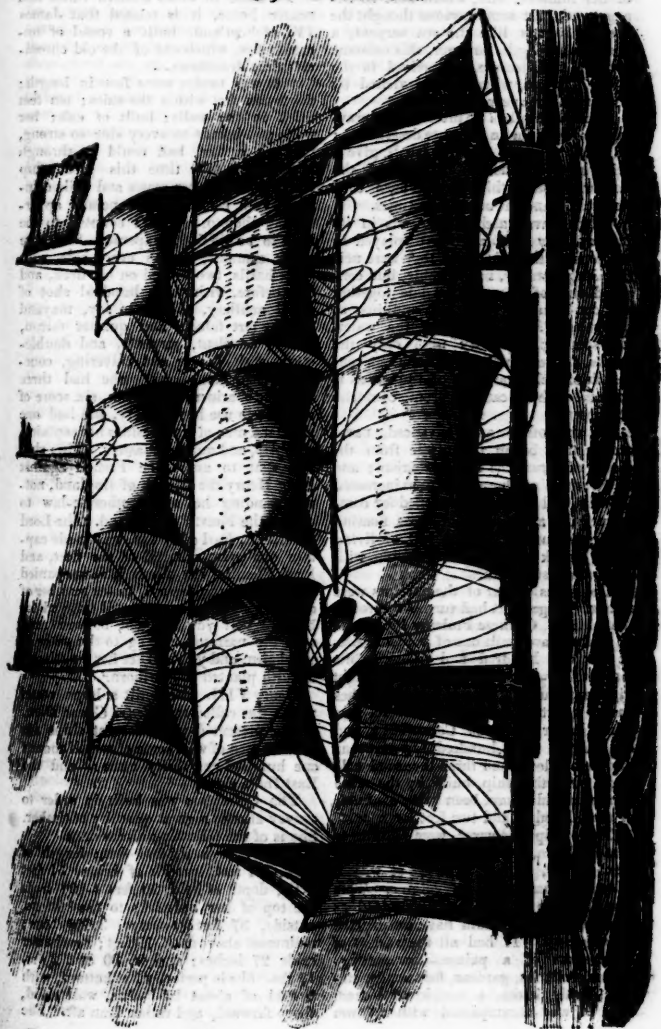
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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The Columbus.



THE arrival in the River Thames of the great Canadian vessel, or raft, the Columbus, has excited considerable interest in the metropolis. During the time she was building on the St. Lawrence, the American papers teemed with accounts of her immense size, which were so exaggerated, that some persons thought the great ship was like the sea serpent, a hoax. At length, however, this colossus in naval architecture, has arrived in the River Thames, where she is visited by great numbers every day.

Of the Columbus we present an engraving, and subjoin an accurate description; but, before we do this, we shall give a brief historical notice of some of the largest vessels which have been constructed in ancient or modern times.

When naval architecture was in its infancy, very little art was displayed in the construction of ships; they were neither large, strong, nor durable, but consisted only of a few planks laid together without beauty or ornament, and just so compacted as to keep out the water. In some places they were only the stocks of trees hollowed, and then consisted of only one piece of timber, as is the case with the canoes in some countries at present.

As the other arts advanced, naval architecture began to emerge from the gloom of ignorance and barbarism; and as the ships of those ages were increased in bulk, and better proportioned for commerce, the appearance of those floating citadels of unusual form, full of living men, struck the ignorant people with terror and astonishment.

The ships of war of the ancients were not only large, but had turrets to protect the soldiers. Of these Ptolemy Philopater is said to have built one of immense size. It was two hundred and eighty cubits long, thirty-eight broad, and forty-eight high, each cubit being one foot five inches and a quarter, so that this vessel was much larger than the Columbus; and she carried four hundred rowers, four hundred sailors, and three thousand soldiers. Another ship, built by the same prince, is said to have been half a stadium, or three hundred and two feet long.

These ships, however, were nothing to that of Hiero, built under the direction of Archimedes, so the structure of which, Moschion has written a volume. This large ship is said to have contained as much timber as would have constructed fifty galleys. It had all the variety of apartments of a palace,—banqueting-rooms, galleries, gardens, fish-ponds, stables, mills, baths, a temple of Venus, &c., it was encompassed with an iron

rampart and eight towers, with walls and bulwarks, furnished with machines of war, particularly one which threw a stone of three hundred pounds, or a dart twelve cubits long, the space of half a mile.

To come to more modern times and nearer home, it is related that James IV. of Scotland, built a vessel of immense size, which one of the old chronicles thus describes:—

“It was twelve score feet in length; thirty-six feet within the sides; ten feet thick in the walls; built of oak; her walls and boards on every side so strong, that no cannon ball could go through her. From the time this great ship was afloat, and her masts and sails complete, with her tows and anchors appertaining thereto, she was counted to the king to be 30,000*l.* expense. She bore many cannons, six on every side, with great basils, two behind on her deck, and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery, that is to say, maynard and battert-falcon, and quarter falcon, alings, destilent, serpents, and double-dogs, with haytor and culvering, cone-bows, and hand-bows. She had three hundred mariners to sail her, six score of gunners to use her artillery, and had one thousand men of war, besides her captains, shippers, and quarter-masters. This ship was sent to assist the French against King Henry the Eighth of England, notwithstanding he was brother-in-law to James the Fourth of Scotland. The Lord Hamilton, Earl of Arran, was made captain and great admiral of the fleet, and Lord Fleming vice-admiral, accompanied with earls, lords, barons, to the number of one thousand, who were well arrayed for battle. ‘If you will not believe me,’ says the narrator, ‘gang to the gates of Tilebairn, and you will see her length and breadth planted in hawthorn.’”

Henry VIII. also built a large vessel which was called the *Henri Grace Dieu*. At the present day our largest ships are the first men of war, some of which mount one hundred and thirty guns:—and the East India ships.

The Columbus was built in order to convey at once a great quantity of timber. She is of the following dimensions.

Length of keel, 294 feet; length of deck, 301 feet, breadth of beam, 51 feet 4-12; depth of hold, 29 feet 4-12; from the top of her bulwarks to the bottom, outside, 37 feet; tonnage, 3,690 tons; mainmast above deck, 72 feet; best bower cable 27 inches; anchor, 80 cwt. 2 qrs. 17 lbs. She is perfectly flat bottom, with a keel of about 12 inches, wall sided, sharp forward, and rather lean aft. She

dismeasures 3,900 tons, but her cargo amounts to 6,300 tons.

The Columbus is unquestionably the longest ship ever seen in England, but her appearance in every other respect is far inferior to that of one of our large Indianmen: her construction is quite new for a very large vessel; she is flat bottomed, and her bottom two feet wider than her deck; her planks and timbers throughout are on a scale of thickness proportioned to her great length, and fastened together with proportionate strength. It is not true as was stated in some accounts of her, that her cargo, (red and white pine) was fastened into her timbers in the building; it is stowed away in the same manner as on board other ships timber laden. In her masts, spars, and rigging, the Columbus presents an appearance not at all proportioned to her rate of tonnage: they are not larger than those used in a small frigate. She left Quebec on the 5th September, and continued her course in safety till the 9th, when she got ashore on the north side of the river St. Lawrence from Point des Betisamites, and was not got off till the 12th, when, for the purpose of lightening her, a considerable quantity of timber, deals, and staves, were obliged to be thrown overboard.

After a very boisterous passage across the Atlantic, she made the Scilly Light on the evening of the 29th October, all the pumps having been kept constantly going for a week before making the land, to the great exhaustion of the crew, who were only ninety-six in number. To encourage them to maintain this harassing labour, a guinea extra upon the wages of each man was promised, and it is supposed, but for this inducement, the vessel would never have reached her destination. During the voyage the leak gained from eight to eleven feet water; and when in the river there was no less than eighteen feet water in the hold. In consequence of this she lay deep in the water, drawing twenty-three feet, and standing only fifteen feet above the water's edge. She reached the Downs on the 1st of November, and was afterwards towed up to Blackwall by the steam-boats. The following description of this great vessel, though somewhat technical, is so correct, that we quote it as the best account that has appeared. It appeared first in the *New Times* paper. The vaunted Colossus of the deep is at length accessible to the investigation of the curious, however timid they may be, and the lovers of sight-seeing may gratify their whim and fantasy without encountering a heavy sea, a fearful lee-shore, or blue-water banyan days.

Thanks to branch pilots, steam-boats, warps, and the capstan, the Columbus is now off Folly House, in Blackwall Reach, where she is likely to be easy in her berth without moorings or even a kedge. Her arrival has excited so much interest and conversation, that though we have already given her dimensions, the nature and quantity of her cargo, and some account of her appearance, and how she behaved at sea, we are induced to recur to the subject, and speak from "ocular demonstration."—This Columbus is extremely deceitful in her appearance, especially when she is seen end on; she scarcely looks half her size. She is like a wedge forward, has no cutwater, is wall-sided, carries her beam, we should imagine, to abate the second main-mast, for she has four masts, and has a square tuck. Her run is very gradual, and from her length she looks extremely lean. From deck to keel, we believe, she measures about thirty-five feet, and as she draws above twenty-two feet, she sits low in the water. A tolerable sized light West Indianman, or a thirty-eight-gun frigate in cruising trim, appear almost as lofty in the hull when you are alongside. At a broadside view from a distance, the Columbus looks a tremendous length, and though seemingly hogged or broken-backed, and very much under rigged, there is something sneaking and dangerous in her shew. As you approach her, however, she looks as she is—an immense mass of timber knocked together for the purposes of commerce, without any regard to beauty, and little attention to the principles of naval architecture. She has two sets of beams, the upper ones which sustain the deck, project through the sides. She has also an inner frame, for the better security of the cargo—to prevent any starting of the timber. Her blocks were laid in October, 1823; she is perfectly flat bottomed; and her shell was completely built before a plank of her cargo was stowed. Previous to her being launched, however, 4,000 tons of timber were run on board by horses, through the bow and stern ports, and she drew about thirteen feet when she first sat on the water.

Unlike large ships, her galley and bitts are above deck; and between the foremast and the first mainmast there is a fore hatchway, and a cable tier and messing-place for part of the crew, which look like a rude gap made in her cargo after it had been stowed. The height from the timber on which the cable is coiled, and where the men have two or three berths, is about six feet; so that there must be even there about thirty feet deep of tim-

ber. But from the first mainmast to the second, the cargo runs from deck to keelson. And abaft the latter mast, close to the wheel and mizen or treysail mast, where the binnacles stand, is a place for the accommodation of the officers and the rest of the crew. The provisions, we believe, are stowed abaft the treysail mast. Her rudder is hung like that of any other ship, but its head comes above the taffrail, and the tiller is above deck.

A great deal of the timber she has on board was, we understand, fresh hewn—it now looks extremely wet—it is principally red pine, and, like most Canadian timber, it runs large and long. The rigging of the Columbus was naturally a minor consideration with her owners; and though it has answered the purposes for which it was intended, it presents nothing worthy of commendation to the eye of a seaman, and nothing striking to that of a landsman. The masts are ill proportioned for beauty, and injudiciously so as far as the labour of the crew is concerned. The lower masts are too taunt—there is too much of them above deck, and this necessarily gives the courses a tremendous drop. One of the crew, an intelligent sailor-like man, said the fore-sail had fifty feet leech. The bowsprit and jib-boom are but one spar: they steeve little, and the hoist of the jibs is consequently great. The topmasts and top-gallant masts are also in one.—They are exceedingly short, and a royal can only be set on one of the mainmasts. She is not more square-rigged than she is taunt; her foreyards does not measure above 70 feet.—The only studding sails she carried were topmast ones on the first mainmast. Her topmast rigging is rove through holes in the cross trees, and is set up with lanyard to a grummet round the lower mast. There are, therefore, no cat-harpings; and the rest of the rigging is of the same temporary speculative description. Her hemp cable measures 26 inches in circumference, and the chain is in proportion.—She crossed the Atlantic with a single bower anchor, and a kedge of about seven cwt. It is said she worked easily and surely; that she was perfectly under the government of her rudder; that she was in general steered with facility by a man and a boy; that she went from nine to ten knots or miles an hour when sailing free, and that at six points and a half from the wind she went six knots, and made but little lee-way. In a sea-way she was of course heavy, and shipped much water, as she could not rise, from her great length and want of beam. In fact, she could have been but as a log of wood in a short chopping sea, one of

which might have broken over her midships almost without any body forward or aft knowing of the circumstance. We are, however, rather sceptical as to whether we should conclude that she is actually possessed of all the good qualities attributed to her. We cannot believe that she ever sailed at six points and a half, or at even seven points from the wind, or that she ever went nine or ten miles an hour. We do not think that a square-sail in her would stand at six points and a half, and she has no buttock for running. On the whole, however, she is an extraordinary piece of workmanship; and though vastly inferior to a first, second, third, or fourth-rate man of war in beauty and capacity, the Columbus is well worth visiting. We think, however, that a *bear* and *swab*, if not a *holystone*, would improve the appearance of the deck extremely.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT WEST-WICKHAM, IN KENT.

IN Rogation week, there is an odd custom in the country, about Keston and Wickham, in Kent.—A number of young men meet together for the purpose, and, with a most hideous noise, run into the orchards, and, encircling each tree, pronounce these words:—

Stand fast, root; bear well, top;
God send us a *youling* sop!
Ev'ry twig, apple big;
Ev'ry bow, apple enow.

For this incantation, the confused rabble expect a gratuity in money, or drink, which is no less welcome; but if they are disappointed in both, they, with great solemnity, anathematize the owners and trees with altogether as insignificant a curse.

"It seems highly probable," says Mr. Hasted, in his History of Kent, "that this custom has arisen from the ancient one of perambulation among the heathens, when they made their prayers to the gods, for the use and blessing of the fruits coming up, with thanksgiving for those of the preceding year. And as the heathens supplicated *Æolus*, the god of the winds, for his favourable blasts, so in this custom they still retain his name, with a very small variation, the ceremony being called *youling*, and the word is often used in their invocations.

'TIS WOMAN RULES.

MANKIND o'er women empire boast,
And claim a right to room;
But very often blust'ring blades
Are Jerry Sneaks at home.

The hero who in battle fierce,
Has bravely risked his life,
The din of strife—domestic fears,
And crouches to his wife.

The lawyer, who by pleadings keen,
In courts has gain'd renown,
Still finds, when drest in humble bob,
His wife will talk him down.

The statesman great, in senate bred,
In politics' wise school,
Beat by a casting vote at home,
His own house cannot rule.

By diff'rent methods ladies fair
Usurp supreme command;
The force of tongue's the common way,
And sometimes force of hand.

When ladies long for pretty toys,
And husbands keep the purse,
Hysterick fits are potent spells
To conquer men perverse.

With sweeter dispositions blessed,
Some choose a gentler plan;
And each contrives, with bonds of love,
To lead her own good man.

Look round the world, through all degrees,
These truths will stand confessed—
That women rule, and married men
Are Jerry Sneaks at best.

G. O.—LL.

ON WASHING AND THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

(For the Mirror.)

MOST of the machines hitherto used in washing linen (says a modern writer) are objectionable on many accounts, but principally because they operate by *friction*, instead of *pressure*. When the linen is properly prepared for washing, it may be thoroughly cleansed by pressure alone. Rubbing it with the hands, or by any machine that operates by friction, injures it more than the wear it sustains in actual use. Hence it follows that the best method of cleansing foul linen, is, first to prepare it for the operation by soaping it where necessary; and putting it into soak for at least twelve hours. This will loosen the filth, and decompose the grease and other matter with which it is soiled, and it will be readily removed by alternately soaking, and squeezing or pressing.* The desideratum, therefore, is, to construct a machine that would, by a rotative motion, or an up and down stroke (like pumping) alternately press and saturate the linen with the suds, and lastly with clean water. The machine that comes nearest to this is one invented by Mr. Gould. The completest wash-house and laundry constructed upon

scientific principles, was that of John Bentley, Esq., of Highbury House, near London. Washing and getting up linen are employments of great importance and trouble in most families. Thanks to the steam washing company—for peace will be restored to families, where every three weeks, *discord* reigned, and the *musical notes* of "Thump, thump, scold, scold," will be succeeded by the *harmonious note* of "Home, sweet home." No more will be heard the doleful cry of *firstings*;† the subject of the humble kitchen ditty will be, "Blessed steam." Camden, the historian, says, the Countess of Richmond would often say, "On condition the princes of Christendom would march against the Turks, she would willingly attend them, and be their laundress;" perhaps, patriotism was then peculiar to the *heroines* of the *suds*, and Datchet's flowery mead might have instilled into their minds a love of martial glory; for this place seems to have been their resort. Shakspeare says, "Take up these cloaths here quickly; carry them to the *laundress* in *Datchet Mead*." May this enterprising company imitate the patriotism of the ancient countess; perhaps the Greek committee may enlist a few of the veterans in the suds, to act as laundresses in the Grecian cause, with the arms of the noble Countess of Richmond on the banners. This company must avoid a chalky soil, for Lord Bacon says, "*Chalky water* is too fretting, as appeareth in *laundry of cloaths*, which wear out apace."

P. T. W.

CUMNOR HALL.

MR. EDITOR.—The following beautiful Ballad, founded on the tragical circumstances narrated in No. CVIII. of the MIRROR, was written by William Julius Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*.

THE dews of summer nights did fall—
The moone (sweete regente of the skye)
Silver'd the walles of Cumnor Halle,
And manye an oake that grew therebye.
Now noughte was heard beneath the skies,
(The soundes of busye lyfe were stille),
Save an unhappie ladie's sighes,
That issued from that lonlye pile.

"Leicester," shee cried, "is thys thy love
That thou so oft has sworne to mee,
To leave mee in this lonlye grove
Immurr'd in shameful privitie?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speede
Thy once-belov'd bryde to see;
But fee shee alive, or hee shee deade,
I feare (sterne earle's) the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happye in my father's halle;
No faithless husbande then mee griev'd—
No chifling feares did mee appall.

* A machine of this sort is used in the North of England, which is in some places called a "Dolly."

* I rose up with the chearful morne,
No lark more blith, no flow'r more gaye,—
And, like the birde that hauntes the thorne,
So merrily sung the live-long daye.

" If that my beautye is but smalle,
Among court ladies all despi'd,
Why did'st thou send it from that halles
Where (scornful earle) it well was priz'd?

" And when you first to mee made suite,
How fayre I was you oft'e woulde saye!
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruite,
Then left the blossom to decaye.

* Yes, nowe neglected and despi'd,
The rose is pale—the lilly's deade;
But hee that once their charmes so priz'd
Is sure the cause those charmes are fledde,

" For knowe, when sick'ning griefe doth preye,
And tender love's repay'd with scorn,
The sweetest beautye will decaye—
What flow'ret can endure the storme?

" At court I'm told is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,—
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing—not so fayre.

* Then, Earle, why did'st thou leave the bedde
Where roses and where lillys vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye?

" Among rural beauties I was one—
Among the fields wild flowers are faire;
Some countrye sways might mee have won,
And thought my beautye passing rare.

" But Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beautye lures thy woe;—
Rather ambition's gilded crowne
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why again I pleade,
(The injured surely may repine),
Why did'st thou wed a countrye mayde,
When some fayre princess might be thine?

" Why did'st thou praise my humble charmes—
And, oh! then leave them to decay?—
Why did'st thou win me to thy armes,
Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye?

" The village maydens of the plaine
Salute me lowly as they goe;
Envious they mark my silken trayne,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

* The simple nymphs! they litt'e knowe
How farre more happy's their estate,—
To smile for joye—than sigh for woe—
To be contente—than to be greate.

" Howe farre lesse bleste am I than them?—
Dailie to pyne and waste with care!
Like the poore plante, that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling ayre.

" Nor, cruel Earle, can I enjoy
The humble charmes of solitude;
Your minions proude my peace destroye,
By sullen frownes, or pratings rude.

" Last nighte, as sad I chanced to straye,
The village death-bell smote my eare;—
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
Countess, prepare, thy end is neare.

" And nowe, while happye peasants sleep,
Here I sit, lonelye and forlorne;
No one to sooth me as I weepe,
Save Phylomel on yonder thorne.

" My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dreade death-bell smites my eare,—
And many a bodding seems to say,
Countess, prepare, thy end is neare."

Thus sore and sad that ladie grieved,
In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare,
And many a heart-felte sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of daye appeared
In Cumnor Halle, so lone and dreare,
Full many a piercing screame was hearde,
And many a crye of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
An aerie voyce was hearde to call—
And thrice the raven flapped his wyng
Around the towers of Cumnor Halle

The mastiff howl'd at village doore,
The oakes were shatter'd on the greene;—
Woe was the houre, for never more
That haplesse Countess e'er was seene.

And in that manor now no more
Is chearful feaste and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary houre
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Halle.

The village maydes, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient most growne wall,—
Nor ever leade the merrye dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Halle.

Full manye a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wepte the Countess' fall,
As wandringe onwards they've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Halle.

TREATMENT OF DEBTORS BY THE ANCIENTS.

THE following account of the treatment of debtors in the ancient times, forms part of a speech made in the American congress, by Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, on the bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt:—

" It is a fact notorious in the history of all nations, that the arbitrary and uncontrolled power which has been vested in the creditor, has convulsed to its centre almost every community; and that all nations have been compelled to resort to harsh and temporary expedients, or to adopt some permanent system of relief, to save them from revolution and civil war; thus, performing the salutary operation of the safety-valve in regulating the tremendous power of steam. The Jews had their jubilee, which restored to every man his inheritance; and the release, which existed every seven years, when the captive debtor who had been sold into bondage was restored to his liberty. At Athens, Draco's code of laws contained no permanent system of relief. The criminal and civil code were alike rigid and severe. The consequences were fatal to the repose of that people. The republic was involved in the most alarming commotions. The harmony of society was totally destroyed; and revolution was threatened. The debtors convened in various parts, and determined by solemn resolutions to elect a military chieftain to lead them on to their purpose, which was to obtain a new division of property—to put to death their creditors, and to new model the government. The creditors had exercised to the full extent the powers which the law had granted for the collection of their demands; the insolvent debtor was re-

duced to absolute slavery—doomed to the most servile employment—put to the draught, like beasts of burden, in the cultivation of their farms. The sons and daughters of the debtor were sent to foreign countries, and sold into slavery. In this crisis, it was doubtful who was most powerful and likely to prevail, the rich creditors with those who managed their farms and worked the mines of Attica, or the debtors, with those who espoused their cause. In this situation, it was unanimously agreed upon to have recourse to an amicable settlement of the difference; and Solon, a man of distinguished talents, virtue, and integrity, was unanimously elected. It is very evident, from the history of Greece at this moment, that the power of the creditor over the debtor was the chief cause of this alarming condition of the commonwealth. The very first act of Solon's administration was to abolish existing debts, and totally to destroy the power of the creditor over the body of his debtor. But he refused to make a new division of property; and every individual was made secure in the enjoyment of his possessions. Both parties submitted to these measures; and thus, by this harsh measure, Solon saved the republic. A permanent system of justice confining the remedy against the property of the debtor would have saved the historian the trouble of recording these melancholy scenes.

"In Rome we have the same example. We will pass over the history of that mighty nation, until we come to the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud, when a republic was substituted for kingly government. It was after this period, and in the best days of Roman liberty, that the law of the twelve tables existed, containing a system of cruelty, relative to debts, which is a blot upon the human character. After judgment was obtained, the debtor was allowed thirty days of grace; he was then committed to the custody of his creditor; he was loaded with chains, not to exceed fifteen pounds weight. In this condition, it was his privilege to be exposed, three times in the market place, to ascertain if his friends or countrymen would relieve him. If no friendly hand extended relief, at the end of sixty days the debt was discharged with the loss of life or liberty. For, be it remembered, if two or more creditors were so unfeeling, they had the right to divide the body of the debtor, or to sell him into foreign slavery beyond the Tiber. This cruel proceeding was not confined to the worthless vagrant, the idle and dissipated, but it embraced, and actually operated upon, the brave defenders of Roman liberty—

those who had bravely faced the foe in danger—had repelled the foreign invader, and carried about them the honourable scars of their gallantry. This arbitrary power, so barbarously exercised, produced the most dangerous convulsions and alarming disaffection in the Roman commonwealth. The ruin which threatened the very existence of that government was so great, that they resorted to the extraordinary expedient of appointing a dictator who was clothed with absolute power and dominion. The army refused to meet the foes of their country, and the people, *en masse*, refused to volunteer their services to repel even invasion while they saw a Roman citizen scourged by a merciless creditor, and his body bleeding from the severity of the punishment. The tribunitial power in Rome had the same origin: it was the offspring of the despotic power which was vested in the creditor. The people demanded these officers, with power to protect their personal independence. If Rome had confined the power of the creditor to the property of the debtor, these civil wars and disorders never would have existed. This savage custom existed in Rome until it produced a re-action in favour of the debtor. One extreme is frequently productive of its opposite; for, when the Christian Emperors ascended the throne of the Caesars, they established a code by which the debtor was released for ever from the discharge of his debts, provided he would take an oath that he had not property sufficient to discharge all. It was now no longer lawful to sell the debtor for the discharge of his debts. Christianity triumphed over paganism, and the precepts of the gospel forbade the infamous traffic. When the creditor lost the power of reducing the debtor to bondage, avarice quickened into life a thousand projects to gain an equivalent; and, unfortunately for mankind, wealth triumphed over poverty. By the connivance of the courts, and by the stratagems of creditors, debtors were first held to bail upon presumption of fraud without proof; and the plan was consummated by granting the *ca. sa.* after judgment, in virtue of which the body was confined to close jail, and doomed to perpetual imprisonment. This was the substitute for the power of selling the debtor and his family into slavery."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh! tell me not, Love, that the season is o'er
Which for youth and for loving is given—
That 'stead of the beauties of earth I adore
Thy thoughts should be turned towards heaven.

For my heart, like a viol, the older it grows,
Is richer in tone, and quicker in feeling;
And when you touch the strings, its melody
flows

As the music from heaven's arch pealing.*

Giving alarm to the present—a balm for the
past—

A hope for the future,—as the rays of the sun,
When in splendour he dies,—though he looks
like the last,

Promises the morrow as glorious a one.

P. STAUNTON.

* Alluding to an assertion of the ancients, who
affirm that the souls of the good are ushered into
the other world by strains of the divinest music.

LIFE'S ENJOYMENTS.

If life be but a waking dream
Of vision'd bliss, and such 'twould seem,
Oh! let me the while youth allows
Hope's rain-bow ray, Love's whisper'd vows—
Oh! let me catch the favouring gale,
Launch my gay bark, spread wide my sail—
And, whether weal or woe betide,
On Pleasure's tempting ocean ride.

May's flow'rets fleeting are tho' fair,
Nor less so Beauty's brightest hue;
Spring may the one again repair,
But what can Beauty's pride renew?

Can wealth recall one faded tint?—
Can honours by-gone hopes retrace?
The rarest coin from Nature's mint
Sees Time its impress fair efface.

Then why—oh! why delay 'till age—
Our winter—checks the rising sap;
Blots with rude hand the snowy page,
And half rolls up Life's lessening map?

Why rather not, while yet we can,
Drink deep of Pleasure's circling bowl,
Disport where Love leads on the van,
Nor heed what cares behind us roll?

What is to us the past?—If Grief
Threw o'er our heads his darkling cloud,
'Tis time that we should seek relief,
Revive, and huri aside his shroud.

What is to us the past?—If Joy
Wing'd on for us the vernal day,
Oh! why life's summer pride alloy?
Why fling the precious gift away?

Let youth, all-headless, court or scorn
Th' advice or censure of my song;
The time will come when manhood's morn
Would fain those parting hours prolong.

Enough for me—enough for thee,
If this my verse propitious prove—
If stranger, thou should'st learn from me
To enjoy the sweets of youth and love.

ALPHEUS.

Reminiscences.

No. VI.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"All the world's a stage."

ALTHOUGH Foote's wit was brilliant,
and sometimes refined, it was too fre-
quently coarse and personal, and he was

a character which in the present day would
not be tolerated. He was received at the
first tables in society, and was a constant
partaker of the hospitality of Lord Kellie.
His lordship had unhappily a red nose,
which was the subject of as many jests
as Bardolph's. One day, at dinner, a
gentleman near Foote complained that
the beer was cold, upon which he called
out to the footman, "John, take this beer
up to my lord, and tell him to dip his
nose in it, and if it does not boil in five
minutes, it must be fire-proof."

"Lord Kellie," said Foote one day at
dinner, "do you ever pass my house at
Hammersmith?" "Oh, frequently,"
said the good natured lord—"Heavens!
how lucky—the next time you pass my
house, do me the favour to put your face
over my garden wall, because I have a
large party to dinner next week, and I
want my peaches ripened."

"I tell you what Mr. Foote," said a
gentleman meeting him one day, "Lord
Kellie has reflected on me, and I shall
pull his nose." "What—pull his nose?"
—exclaimed Foote, "why man, you
would not thrust your fingers into a
furnace, would you?"

"Mr. Foote," said Lord Kellie, "I
know you are a connoisseur in wines, and
I have some very old Constantia, which
I wish you to taste;" roused by this,
Foote looked earnestly for the bottle,
when to his great surprise and chagrin,
a *pint bottle was produced*. "There,"
said his lordship, pouring out a *quarter
of a glass*, and handing it to his witty
guest, "There, Mr. Foote, that Con-
stantia is twenty-two years of age."
"Twenty-two years of age!" exclaimed
Foote, "why, my lord, it's impossible!"
"I give you my honour it is; but why
impossible!" "Because," returned the
wag, "it's so little of its age."

Old Macklin did not retire from the
stage until he was nearly ninety years of
age, and then, when his memory was
almost gone, he gave lectures. One even-
ing, poor Macklin's memory had re-
peatedly failed him, and a total stop
ensued until the orator had caught the
thread of his argument. Foote, who
was always present, filled up each inter-
regnum with something witty, and was
frequently holding forth when Macklin
was ready to resume. "Mr. Foote,"
at last exclaimed the veteran, "do you
know what I am going to say?" "No,
sir," returned the cruel wag, "do
you?"

By an inadvertence Quin had obtained
an ascendancy over Foote, and Foote
was afraid to encounter him. This he had
allowed his antagonist to discover, and

Quin was not a man likely to relinquish a victory obtained over a giant. A coolness in consequence had for some time subsisted between them, when one afternoon they saw each other under the *Flemish* of Covent Garden. They could not avoid meeting, and Quin held out his hand in token of peace, it was accepted, and they immediately adjourned to the *Shakespeare*, "to enact," as Quin said, "the play of *Measure for Measure*." They were soon very jovial, but at last Foote said, "Quin, I can't be happy till I tell you one thing." "Tell it then and be happy Sam." "Why," said Foote, "you said I had *only one shirt*, and that I laid in bed till that was washed." "I never said it Sam," replied Quin, "I never said it, and I'll soon convince you that I never could have said it.—*I never thought you had a shirt to wash.*"

Quin and Foote having been invited to Lord Halifax's house at Hampstead, went out to walk, and—but the story is told in rhyme, and though not new, may be worthy quoting:—

As Quin and Foote one day walked out,
To view the country round,
In merry mood they chatting stood,
Hard by a village pound.

Foote from his fob a shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny
In a small space, near to this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea!"

Then on the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown;
"Behold," said he "the thing's made out,
For there is one pound one!"

"I wonder not," said Quin, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
For that's the way you pay your debts,
A shilling in the pound!"

††

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

IRISH MELODIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

A DRINKING SONG.—TUNE, *Paddy Snapp*.

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For, oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again—
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And hark! meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.

Shame, oh, shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day;
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring
away—

To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er
mine,

The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what
then!

Like Alps in the sun-set, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the
heart,

In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were
part,

Still round them like visions of yesterday
throng.

As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame will steal out on the
sight,

So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to
light.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood awoke,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through:

Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment we'll think them still
ours,

And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning
once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it
near.

Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is
gone,

To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come—the more rare such delights to the
heart,

The more we should welcome and bless them
the more—

They're ours, when we meet—they're lost, when
we part,

Like birds that bring summer, and fly when
'tis o'er.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we
drink,

Let sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro'
pain,

That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

HORRORS FOR NOVEMBER.

IN the modern mania for enlightening
mankind and subjecting every thing to
the test of reason and philosophy, we have
also lost all the manifold advantages to

be derived from the practice of sorcery. Every body knows that, so late as the seventeenth century, one Evans, having raised a spirit at the request of Sir Kenelm Digby and Lord Bothwell, and omitting the necessary process of fumigation, was seized by the spectre he had conjured up, torn from the magic circle, and carried from his house in the Minories into a field near Battersea Causeway. We have no such doings in our days; we are no conjurers. Pretenders, indeed, lay claim to that august appellation; but their spirits are of the still; they deal with cards instead of the devil; their incantations are of no deeper mystery than the old hocus-pocus, with which every school-boy is familiar; and in the absence of more legitimate information, we are obliged to content ourselves with reviving the old *diablerie* of Dr. Faustus and the Freyschutz of the Germans.

Where will all this imagined advancement of reason end, and how far will our philosophical scepticism carry us in the renunciation of all our pleasing horrors? We have no longer any interesting goblins or spectres, spirits or apparitions, to harrow up our feelings; our ghosts have "turned their backs upon themselves" and given up the ghost. That of Cocklane and its kinsman of Sampford, (so strenuously patronized by the author of *Lacon*,) have each been duly exorcised and transported to the Red Sea; Lord Lyttleton's has been quoted and remembered till it is forgotten; and the times regretted by Macbeth, that "when the brains were out the man would die," have at length returned to us. Nothing provokes the buried portion of this sluggish generation to "burst their cearments," neither the discovery of the murder which sent them prematurely from the world, nor the desire of removing their bones to consecrated ground, nor the re-velment of hidden treasures, nor the procurement of justice to the defrauded widow or orphan. We encounter nothing now, particularly of the female sort, that cannot speak till it be spoken to; our candles no longer burn blue; it is Christmas eve with us all the year through; and we have no other consolation than to sit round the fire of a winter's night relating true and circumstantial stories of these supernatural visitants as they appeared in the olden time, or singing to one another the authentic ballads of William and Margaret, and Giles Scroggins's ghost.

Nor are we better provided with animal monstrosities. Where shall we search for an incubus to give birth to another enchanter Merlin, who, as Spenser expressly informs us,

"Was not the sonne
Of mortal syre, or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten and begonne
By false illusion of a guileful sprite
On a faire lady Nonne."

How can we expect magicians in the land, when we have neither incubi nor nuns to breed them? Arthur Pendragon and Cunobeline the Briton made sad havock with the Hydras and Pythons which still infested our island in those days. Moore, of Moore Hall, by the assistance of his very judicious armour provided

"With spikes all about
Not within but without."

extirpating the famous dragon of Wantley, the last of his species. "The laidly worm," described with such appalling minuteness in old ballads, was finally destroyed by a Cornish Apollo; Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Tom Thumb, have each been the death of a stupendous and preternatural cow, since when the race has not been revived; and Jack the giant-killer, dissipated the last of the ogres who was any way formidable; for it is well known that the modern Irish giants are a very harmless breed, who may at any time be tamed by a shilling being given to their keeper. We have the night-mare, indeed, left to us, but it is a grim, shadowy abstraction, only visible in Fuseli's picture; and we occasionally exhume the bones of the mammoth and megatherion; but we are miserably in want of a good, living, tangible, and horrible monster. The American sea-serpent will not be coaxed into eye-sight of any thing more trust-worthy than a Yankee captain, and though it must be confessed that we were lately gratified with the exhibition of a mermaid, she was soon detected to be an impostor, and it is much to be apprehended that the merman, now submitted to the public, will not prove of more legitimate birth.

Nothing has occurred of late years more interestingly revolting than the story of the pig-faced lady, which in these dull days of common place, should not really be allowed to slip into oblivion. Her relations were publicly mentioned, the house in which she resided at Chelsea, with the blinds perpetually drawn down, was pointed out to every passenger; the high salary paid to her lady companion was upon record; the tradesman who made the silver trough, out of which she took her victuals, was universally known; several of the neighbours had repeatedly heard her squeaking and grunting, and one having unwarrantably placed some choice hogwash under her window, declared that its odours had no sooner

reached her snout, than there was such a riotous scampering, snorting, and snuffing upstairs as if a whole herd of swine had scented out their approaching dinner. And shall such "special wonders overcome us like a summer's cloud and pass away?" Forbid it, ye lovers of the marvellous; forbid it, ye journalists and caterers to the public taste of every thing that is hideous and appalling.

During the dog-days of last summer, the town was happily enabled to "sup full of horrors," of the most harrowing and transcendent nature, by the prevailing dread of the hydrophobia, and the terrific narratives which bristled in our newspapers. Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, says, "that the English are subject to epidemic terrors which periodically take possession of all ranks;" and this alarm affords a striking illustration of his assertion. One of our journals gravely assured us that an individual under the influence of this disease, not only barked and howled like a dog, but joined a pack of hounds in full cry, outstripped them all, and caught the hare they were hunting with his teeth; adding that even his clothes were so caninely affected by the malady, that upon some one throwing him a bone, the tail of his coat wagged backward and forward, just like that of a dog. This, however, is no subject for waggery. To this pantophobia all the dogs found in our streets have been sacrificed, and the panic so bewildered the imagination of several of our fellow-creatures, that they have been seized with an ideal hydrophobia, and actually fallen victims to their dread of a dread of water.

The gloomy month of November has now arrived, when the minds of our blue-devillish and hypochondriacal countrymen are peculiarly predisposed to the reception of whatever is hideous and melancholy; and as we are all in a profound peace, the country flourishing, the ministry popular, and the metropolis singularly unprovided with monstrosities of any sort, I call upon your readers, Mr. Editor, to exert themselves in the getting up of some good stimulating horror, one that may interestingly fill the long columns of our newspapers during the vacation of Parliament, and afford us a good shudder at our firesides during the long evenings of the approaching winter.

New Monthly Magazine.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

ON A VILLAIN.

THE wise and noble live not long they say:

The wicked too must die, and dying what are they?

Thus deep the curse that thou wert ever born,

Though sin point out the promise to thine eye,

Retorts upon thyself, with 'fiend-like scorn,

The doubly bitter curse, that thou, e'en thou, shalt die.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WOMAN's the soul of Love, I've heard men say;

Then 'tis no wonder, if she flies away.

FROM MARTIAL.

You, gaily clad, despise my ragged gown;

I grant 'tis ragged, but it is my own,

FROM VIRGIL.

It rains all night, Joy beams again with day,—

Great Jove and Cæsar hold divided sway.

FROM THE GREEK.

ONE man found some gold, and so quitting his halter,

He snatch'd up the guineas and fled;

T'other coming just after, and missing his money,

Adopted the rope in its stead,

FROM THE LATIN (*by a modern hand*;)
 it was addressed to the King of France, and intended to be engraved over the porch of the Louvre.

WITH no such state the universe is bless'd,

Of no such city any state possess'd;

Within no city such a house you'll see,

No house, great king, a master owns like thee.

FROM SANNAZARIUS.

NEPTUNE, amaz'd, his darling Venice ^{saw}

Rule th' Adriatic with decided law.

"Now, Jove, (he cried,) thy favourite Rome display,

Tarpeian Rome, whom Tyber's streams obey.

Shall Tyber's streams with mighty ocean vie?

Which state best proves its sire a Deity?"
 Literary Gazette.

FROM THE GREEK.

A FOOL, tormented all the night,

From top to toe, with fleas,

Cries, "Well, Sirs, I'll put out my light—

Now let him bite—that sees

W. P.

JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER TRAVELLING FROM MARACAIBO TO MERIDA.

LEAVING Maracaibo early in the morning we proceeded by the lake until we arrived at Puebla Laguna, a small village about six leagues from Maracaibo, consisting of about forty houses or huts, on the margin of the lake: here we proposed breakfasting. Having sent one of our gondoliers, or bargemen, to announce our arrival to the villagers, the chief person came to the beach to invite us; and we accompanied him to his habitation, through a long pathway, intersected with cocoa-nut trees of an amazing height, and bending with the weight of the nuts; this damp situation being favourable to the growth of them. As we entered his house,—an open house to the world, having neither door nor window—his daughters, six in number, were employed in making tippets, or handkerchiefs, of the down of the golden heron,—myriads of which resort to this lake. These tippets, made in alternate lines, were tinged with the beautiful tints which the plumage of those tropical birds display, especially when exposed to the rays of the sun. Even in Europe they would be considered rich and beautiful. I wished to purchase one, but was told the sale of them were prohibited, until the state officers' ladies were first supplied. This branch of feather-manufacture was confined to the nuns of St. Clara, until the revolution caused a schism amongst them, and some of them left the convent; among which was Leona, our host's daughter, a fat, pleasant woman, about forty, who communicated her knowledge to her sisters. This radical nun informed me that the knowledge of their handicraft was obtained by the sisterhood from an English woman, the wife of a deserter from Buenos Ayres, who left General White-locke's division, and died at the hospital at Merida; to her the nuns were also indebted for many recipes in cookery as well as millinery. A large basket of wild-fowls' eggs having been brought in by an Indian boy, Leona began to prepare breakfast. As I had some curiosity respecting the mode of dressing plantains, I watched her culinary preparations, which consisted of lard, seasoned with Chili pepper and lime juice, in which the plantains were fried, being garnished with pomegranate-seed and some red berries. In like manner were fried the eggs, and a species of fish not unlike trout, except the head, which resembled a mullet, of very delicate flavour. Our breakfast consisted of those, with the ad-

dition of cocoa-nut milk and coffee; and never did I breakfast with so much gusto; while Leona's pleasant sallies made me forget I was in company with one of the holy sisterhood of Santa Clara. I asked her if she meant to return to the convent, now that her party were successful: she said, not until her poor father left this world, as she was his principal support since he lost his sons in the Carraccas struggle. I told her, I thought she was more laudably employed in this way than in working out her own salvation in a corner of a cell; and added, the pious duties of a wife would do her more honour in the next world, than mortification would in this. She burst into a fit of laughter, and told me that the English always endeavoured to lead poor women astray,—and that the *soldados sangrass*, who remained after White-locke, played the devil in the country. Having remarked a little coral cross which I wore, she said I was a Christian. "Yes," I said, and wished to make her a present of it; but she received it reluctantly, I now took my leave of my kind host, and wanted to force two dollars on him; but he refused, adding that Leona would be very angry, after receiving my handsome present. But judge of my surprise at seeing a small wicker-basket, crammed with three days' cooked provisions, sent off to the boat by Leona's orders. I now shook hands with this good-natured nun: shewing her a ring, I told her jocosely I meant that should bind us. She smiled, and looking up, said her husband was in heaven; but should she marry on earth, she would choose me; at the same time, giving me one of those tippets, she requested I would let no person see it until I arrived in Europe, when I should sometimes think on her.

The sun shone in full splendour over the lake, adding beauty and dignity to rocks, trees, and precipices that overlooked it, and were reflected in the crystal waters. On the right the country appeared more open, with very little cultivation. Although the bottom appeared thirteen or fourteen fathoms in depth, a person would suppose it within a fathom, and that its innumerable stony inhabitants of every hue were within grasp, such was the clearness and transparency of the gravelly bottom, impregnated with gold and other minerals, with a quantity of crystalline gravel and shells. About three leagues distant we betook ourselves to our mules, which had made a circuit of the lake in order to join us, and proceeded up the country by the river Chama, that rolled beneath the rugged and painful

track we had ascended, with great velocity and astounding marmura, along a bed of rocks, sometimes forming a smooth sheet of water, at other times, an irregular cascade. After a painful journey we arrived at a bleak eminence or table-land, on which was built a small hut, where we halted. But judge of our astonishment at finding here the wretched habitation of an English deserter, in the last stage of a consumption; he had undergone a severe chastigation by order of Morales, for refusing to fight against the British legion at Boyaca; he was tied up, and got four hundred lashes on the soles of his feet with a petruculo, added to the malditas or ulcers, caused by the musquitoes in prison, of the most painful description, discharging a fetid ichor. He informed me, that being disgusted with White-locke's treachery, he, with a number of others, deserted from Monte Video, allured by the promises of the treacherous Spaniards; that after living a debauched life, most of them died unpitied; that disgusted with this sort of life, he took up with a native woman, who remained constant to him even to that moment, and aided his escape from the dungeon of Maracaibo. He regretted that he had ever left his brave regiment, and placed confidence in the faithless Spaniards. Having recommended him to the care of Dr. Murphy, the surgeon-general at Valentia, whose countryman he was, we continued our route to Merida, along a beautiful and picturesque country, abounding in haciendas, or plantations of sugar: here the vine and olive are cultivated. Merida appeared in view, situated in the most fertile spot in the world, with an equality of climate seldom known, only from forty-four to sixty-four degrees. Here a man can choose his own temperature, as he may live in the valley in sixty-four degrees in the shade, and walk in two hours to where the thermometer will get down to forty, or even lower, as he ascends the lofty Paramo; or he may live mid-ways, and have his haciendas in the valley; he may combine, too, interest with all those advantages, as the haciendas yield incredible crops of wheat, pease, pulse, beans, potatoes, Indian corn, even indigo, cotton; and, in a word, the products of India, as well as Europe, may be the property of one man on the same estate.

The town of Merida is the second largest in the province of Venezuela, but, like its rival the Carracas, has suffered by the earthquakes. Two-thirds of the buildings are in ruins, and some very fine houses are uninhabited, although externally ornamented with gilded pillars

and handsome verandas; also, green-houses and kitchen gardens. This town exhibits more of European taste than any in South America, and is better adapted for an European settlement than any other, from the equality of its climate, fertility of its soil, and proximity to the port of Maracaibo, being only five days' journey from Merida. A little trouble would make the Chama, which washes the town, navigable to the lake of Maracaibo; this is the entrepot for the commerce of the Lanos. Perhaps, there is not in the world a happier spot, as the clergy knew, having immense haciendas here; there were three Dominican friars and two convents,—verifying the remark of the learned gentleman who said,

No Jesuit ever took in hand
To build a church in barren land.

And, indeed, the holy fathers were so well aware of the delights of this little paradise, that they very charitably excluded every person who was not a well-known benefactor to their community. But there are at present but a few radical monks in our convent, and a few nuns of the same denomination. Here are a greater number of flowers and exotics than are to be found in any collection; and I am persuaded, that the place will become an European settlement, combining all those advantages to the quantity of neglected estate in its vicinity, and the mildness of the laws. — *Monthly Magazine.*

Scientific Amusements.

No. VIII.

OPTICAL DECEPTIONS.

I. ILLUSION.

PROCURE a jar of a good size, such as that used for jellies, and place on the bottom, next the side furthest from you, a sixpence, and next it, but towards the centre, a shilling; move to a little distance, so that the eye may be directed into the jar, but not sufficient to observe the coins; let water now be poured in gently, which, as it rises in the jar, will cause both the pieces to appear; without approaching nearer to the jar, or moving it towards you, both the pieces will become visible. This phenomenon is owing to the refraction of the rays of light on entering a denser medium; for while the vessel is empty, the rays proceed in a straight line; but by the density of the water when full, they become refracted, or bent towards the coins, and consequently they become visible. It is from the same cause that ponds, &c. (where

the bottoms can be seen) appear shallower than they actually are; and the reason why a waterman's oar appears crooked when in the water.

2. AUGMENTATION.

TAKE a large glass of a conical figure, that is, narrow at bottom and wide at top, similar to an ale or cider glass, in which put a half sovereign (or other piece), and fill the glass three-fourths full of water; place a piece of paper on it, and then a plate; invert it quickly, that the water may not get out; by looking sideways at the glass you will perceive a sovereign at the bottom, and higher up the half one, floating near the surface. This phenomenon arises from seeing the piece through the conical surface of the water at the side of the glass, and through the flat surface at the top of the water, at the same time; for the conical surface dilates the rays, and makes the piece appear larger; but by the flat surface the rays are only refracted, by which the piece is seen higher up in the glass, but of its natural size. That this is the cause will be farther evident by filling the glass with water; there being no surface at the top to refract, the large piece only is visible.

3. SUBTRACTION.

AGAINST the wainscot of the room fix three small pieces of paper, about the size of a sixpence; let them be about half a foot asunder, and the height of the eye; stand about a yard distant, and keeping both eyes stedfastly fixed on the centre piece, all three pieces are visible. Now shut the *right* eye, (keeping the left still on the centre,) and the piece which is opposite to the *left* eye disappears; or close the *left* eye, and the *right* piece cannot be seen: so that if either eye be shut, the paper opposite its fellow becomes invisible; plainly proving, that some objects opposite the left eye are viewed by the right, and *vice versa*, with the left eye closed, and the right piece consequently invisible; remove the right eye from the centre, and carry it to the piece on the left; the right piece now becomes visible, but the centre disappears; and so on alternately, the three pieces not being visible at the same time, as when both eyes are open, shewing one of the uses of having two eyes. Another method of trying this experiment is, by holding both the thumbs together at a little distance from, and at the height of the eyes: shut the left eye, and keep the right stedfastly fixed on the left thumb-nail; move the right thumb gently away in a horizontal direction, and at the distance of two or three inches, the

top of the thumb disappears; but by carrying it a little further it becomes visible again. The cause of this phenomena is thus:—The optic nerve entering the eye, is spread out into a fine membrane, called the retina; on which the rays of light falling produce vision: now that part, at which it enters the eye, is incapable of receiving impressions; consequently when the object is directly opposite, the rays proceeding from it fall on the optic nerve, and making no impression, none is conveyed to the sensorium, and therefore no vision is produced; but as the eye or the object is shifted, the rays fall on the retina, and that being the part on which it is necessary they should fall to produce distinct vision, the impression is received, and the object becomes visible. Nature has wisely planned the entrance of the optic nerve, not in the centre of the eye, but at the side inclining towards the nose, so that rays striking the nerve on one eye are received on the retina of the other. For this reason, when the right eye is open, the piece on the right side is opposite the optic nerve, and invisible; but when the eye is shifted from the centre to the left side, it brings the nerve opposite the centre, and renders that invisible, while the right piece falling opposite the retina, consequently becomes visible.

CLAVIS.

Useful Domestic Hints.

FOR WASHING CHINTZ SO AS TO PRESERVE ITS GLOSS AND BEAUTY. TAKE two pounds of rice, and boil it in two gallons of water till soft; when done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you in general use for coloured linens; then put your chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this till the dirt appears to be out; then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm clear water. Wash in this till quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water you have boiled your rice in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it, as it will be stiff as long as you wear it. If a gown, must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it as smooth as possible; after it is dry, rub it with a sleek stone, but use no iron.

INSECT DESTROYER.

THE following recipe for making a fetid bitter solution, which destroys all kinds of insects, is given in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for February last, by M.

Viney, one of the editors.—Take of wood mushrooms, or large brown fetid boletuses, 6lbs.; black soap, 2 ditto; grated nux vomica, 2 oz.; water, 200lbs. Put the mushrooms bruised, and beginning to putrefy, into the water, having previously dissolved the soap therein. Leave the mixture to putrefy in a cask for some days, agitating the liquid from time to time. When it has become very fetid, the decoction of the nux vomica in water is to be poured into it. This liquor, sprinkled on trees, bushes, plants, &c. in gardens, will entirely destroy or banish every species of insects. None of them stand this fetid poison.

METHOD OF RESTORING LIFE TO THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

(Taken chiefly from the *Manuals and Reports of the Royal Humane Society.*)

CAUTIONS.—Avoid all rough usage.—Do not hold up the body by the feet. (By these absurd practices hundreds of lives are annually sacrificed.) Do not roll the body on casks, or rub it with salt, or spirits, or apply tobacco. Lose not a moment. Carry the body, the head and shoulders raised, to the nearest house. Place it in a warm room. Let it be instantly stripped, dried, and wrapt in hot blankets, which are to be renewed when necessary. Keep the mouth, nostrils, and the throat, free and clean. Apply warm substances to the back, spine, pit of the stomach, arm-pits, and soles of the feet; rub the body with heated flannel, or warm hands. Attempt to restore breathing, by gently blowing with bellows into one nostril, closing the mouth and the other nostril. Press down the breast carefully with both hands, and then allow it to rise again, and thus imitate natural breathing. Keep up the application of heat. Continue the rubbing, and increase it when life appears; and then give a tea-spoonful of warm water, or of very weak wine or spirits and water warm.—Persevere for six hours. Send quickly for medical assistance.

NEW PYROPHORUS; OR, INSTANTANEOUS FIRE-LIGHTER.

In determining the composition of tartrate of lead, Dr. Friedman Gobel, of Jena, observed that this salt, when heated in a glass tube, formed a fine Pyrophorus.—When a portion of the deep brown mass is projected from the tube, it instantly takes fire, and brilliant globules of metallic lead appear on the surface of the substance in ignition. The effect continues much longer than in other pyrophori.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A PILL FOR PARSIMONY.

WHEN Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Ford, and Mr. Linley, commenced their management of Drury Lane theatre, each of the gentlemen had a private box appropriated for their several families. Doctor Ford being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candles unconsumed the preceding evening. Shortly after, when all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, the late Duke of Norfolk paid them a visit, and inquiring into the state of the theatre, Mr. Sheridan pointed to all the private boxes, except Doctor Ford's, which made his Grace inquire "what box the Doctor had?" "The candle-box, my Lord," said Charles Bannister, who was present.

J. B. T.

FELINE AFFECTION.

ON the 1st of September, a gentleman shot a hare near Esher, in Surrey, which, on being taken up, was discovered to be very large with young, perhaps within a day of kindling. A friend, who accompanied him, opened the animal, which had been a good deal mouthed by the dogs, and removed three young ones all alive. They were instantly sent home, a short distance, and were placed with a cat that had kitted a few days before. The cat paid all attention to them, licking and fostering them with all the care and attention of a mother. The next day one of them died, and the only remaining kitten the cat had, was taken from her. In two or three days, the cat, not liking the visits of the curious, who came to see the novel sight of a cat suckling young leverets, suddenly disappeared with her young charge: and it was not till a day or two afterwards that it was discovered that she had removed them to the top of some corn in a barn. It is supposed that one fell down and was killed, but the other was lately alive and thriving; it could run about, and the cat continued to watch and cherish it with the same assiduity as though it had been her offspring.

A GENTLEMAN observed to his friend, "that Lord N—y's attempts at wit, resembled an electrifying machine." "Indeed, how so?" "Because they are so shocking."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

FORTY-THREE years ago, a landlady in Penrith, South Wales, received an order to provide a wedding dinner for ten persons. The happy party spent the day in sacrificing to Bacchus, and retired in the evening, leaving the bill unsettled. Their hostess neither saw nor heard of any of the party from the day in which she served the dinner, (in 1781) until this summer, when the bridegroom called, acknowledged the debt, and discharged it.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SIMPLE AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

From the birth of Christ, to the 25th of December, 1815, one penny, at five per cent. simple interest, amounts to 7s. 73d.; at compound interest, it would be £1,227, 742, 357, 141, 817, 453, 589, 060, 967, 240, 755, 491 *ss.* *ss.*

Allowing a cubic inch of gold to be worth £34 10s. 6d., and the above sum to be condensed into a globe of gold, its diameter will be 6,193,604 miles, 540 yards, 1 foot, 6 inches and a fraction, which would exceed in magnitude all the planets in the solar system; and supposing this earth to be solid gold, it would not pay *only* *one* *year's* interest of the above sum.

SIMILES.

THAT the steady colouring with which she veiled her unhappiness, afforded as little real comfort as the gay uniform of the soldier, *as it is drawn over his mortal wound.*

I'll stick as close to you as calumny does to misfortune.

A TAILOR of Gt. has purchased the end of the world in two pieces. "He has an eye," said a friend, "in a general mourning."

A YOUNG lady being asked "What is wit?" replied, "It is a fine sense at play."

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Dr. Radcliffe attending one of his most intimate friends in a dangerous illness, with an unusual strain of generosity, declared he would not touch a fee—one insisted, and the other was positive. At last, when the cure was performed, and the physician taking his leave, "Sir," said the patient, "in this purse I have put every day's fee; nor

must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The doctor eyes the purse, counts the days in a moment, and then, holding out his hand, replies, "Well, I can hold out no longer—single, I could have refused them for a twelvemonth; but *all together* they are irresistible."

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

HERE lies poor J——n, reader have a care;

Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear:

Religious, moral, generous, and humane He was; but self-sufficient, rude and vain;

Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute; A scholar and a Christian,—yet a brute. Would you know all his wisdom and his folly;

His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy.

Boswell and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit, Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and cough'd, and spit.

MAGNANIMITY IN SAVAGE LIFE.

SEVERAL midway between being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life on condition of being his executioner. He refused it—he would never die. The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Nay," said this last, "till I please myself." He instantly returned to his bed, and put off his hand with an air; murmuring instantly to his master, "Now," said he, "compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades."

When the Quakers in Spain see their enemies cast away on the shoals, they plunge head the water to save them from the waves, and take every care to recover them. While they refuse to be put to death, the Indians cast them addresses them—"To day you are our friends; to-morrow, our enemies; we will kill you then, if we can; but to-day depart in peace."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received numerous communications from correspondents, which circumstances prevent us from acknowledging in detail until next week.

The puff of Mr. Murray's *Chronometer* should be confined to the daily papers, of which it has run the gauntlet as an advertisement.

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